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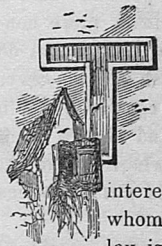
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TRELAWNY ON BYRON.



THE publication of the Journal and Memoranda of the friend of Byron and Shelley, has served to throw at least a passing interest upon the characters of whom he knew so much. Shelley is exalted, for in him Mr. Trelawny found the truly noble man, as full of glorious humanity as he was of glorious poetry. But of Byron he speaks as of one for whom he had only a slight respect. Let us quote a few paragraphs, premising that what is said in the book will, in no wise, assist biographers in giving to the self-expatriated poet a good reputation.

"You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him, or a woman's, until you have married her. Few friendships can stand the ordeal by water. When a yacht from England, with a pair of thus tried friends, touches—say at Malta or Gibraltar—you may be sure that she will depart with one only. I never was on ship-board with a better companion than Byron; he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered, 'Do as you like.' Every day at noon he and I jumped overboard in defiance of sharks or weather; it was the only exercise he had, for he could not walk the deck. His favorite toys, pistols, were not forgotten; empty bottles and live poultry served as targets; a fowl, duck, or goose, was put into a basket, the head and neck only visible, hoisted to the main yard-arm; and we rarely had two shots at the same bird."

"No boy cornet enjoyed a practical joke more than Byron. On great occasions, when our captain wished to be grand, he wore a bright scarlet waistcoat; as he was very corpulent, Byron wished to see if this vest would not button round us both. The captain was taking his siesta one day, when he persuaded the boy to bring up the waistcoat. In the meantime, as it was nearly calm and very hot, I opened the coops of the geese and ducks, who instantly took to the water. Neptune, the Newfoundland dog, jumped after them, and Moretto, the bull-dog, fol-

lowed him. 'Now,' said Byron, standing on the gangway, with one arm in the red waistcoat, 'put your arm in, Tre, we will jump overboard, and take the shine out of it.' So we did. The captain, hearing the row on deck, came up, and when he saw the gorgeous garment he was so proud of, defiled by sea water, he roared out, 'My lord, you should know better than to make a mutiny on board ship, (the crew were laughing at the fun;) I won't heave-to, or lower a boat; I hope you will both be drowned.' 'Then you will lose your *frite*,' (for so the captain always pronounced the word freight,) shouted Byron. As I saw the dogs worrying the ducks and geese, I returned on board with the waistcoat, pacified the skipper, lowered a boat, and with the aid of a boy, sculled after the birds and beasts."

"Byron said he tried all sorts of experiments to stay his hunger, without adding to his bulk. 'I swelled,' he said, 'at one time to fourteen stone, so I clapped the muzzle on my jaws, and, like the hybernating animals, consumed my own fat.' He would exist on biscuits and soda water for days together; then, to allay the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. Dining on these unsavory dishes, with a biscuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not how sour, he called feasting sumptuously. Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish or vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered, 'I have an advantage over you: I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me.' 'Nothing,' I said, 'disagrees with the natural man. He fasts and gorges: his brains don't bother him; but if you wish to live—' 'Who wants to live?' he replied. 'Not I. The Byrons are a short-lived race on both sides, father and mother. Longevity is hereditary: I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death a d—: it is her sting! I can't bear pain.' By starving his body, Byron kept his brains clear."

Regarding the destruction of his autobiography, Byron is introduced saying:

"People say that I have told my own story in my writings; I defy them to point out a single act in my life by my poems, or of my thoughts, for I seldom write what I think. All that has been published about me is sheer nonsense, as

will be seen at my death, when my real life is published; everything in that is true. When I first left England I was gloomy. I said so in my first canto of 'Childe Harold.' I was then really in love with a cousin, (Thirza—he was chary of her name,) and she was in a decline. On my last leaving England I was savage; there was enough to make me so. There is some truth as to detail in the 'Dream,' and in some of my shorter poems. As to my marriage, which people made such ridiculous stories about, it was managed by Lady Jersey and others. I was perfectly indifferent on the subject; though I could not do better. I wanted money, and so did they. It was an experiment, and proved a failure. Everything is told in my memoirs exactly as it happened. I told Murray Lady Byron was to read the MS. if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press."

Mr. Trelawny adds:

"It is strange that Byron, though professing to distrust everybody, should have had no misgiving as to the fate of his memoirs; he was glad Moore sold them to Murray, as he thought that ensured publication. He considered it indispensable to his honor that the truths he could not divulge during his life should be known at his death. He knew Moore prided himself on his intimacy with lords and ladies, for he was always talking of them, and that the chief aim and object of that poet's whole life was pleasure at any price. Had he fulfilled his trust by giving Byron's memoirs to the world, he would have compromised himself with society, as they contained many a reminiscence which would have cast a shadow on the fashionable circles which Tom Moore delighted to honor. When the question was raised, after Byron's death, of the publication or suppression of his memoirs, his friend, Tom Moore, acted as if he were quite indifferent on the subject; so he must have been, for although he permitted others to read them, he never found time to do so himself. He consulted the most fashionable man he knew on the subject, Lutterell, who, as Rogers says, cared nothing about the matter, and readily voted they should be put in the fire. Byron said, 'some few scenes and names in his memoirs it might be necessary to omit, as he had written the whole truth. Moore and Murray were to exercise their own

discretion on that subject.' He added, 'that the truth would be known and believed when he was dead, and the lies forgotten.' So there is nothing to extenuate the great wrong done to Byron by Tom Moore."

Mr. Trelawny gives these further reminiscences of the poet, during the last year of his life. They possess a mournful interest, and one not unmingled with pain:—

"To resume my log on board the good ship 'Hercules.' On the 2d of August, the islands of Cephalonia and Zante were in sight, and shortly after Byron, pointing out the Morea, said, 'I don't know why it is, but I feel as if the eleven long years of bitterness which I have passed through since I was here, were taken off my shoulders, and I was scudding through the Greek Archipelago with old Bathurst, in his frigate.' That night we anchored in the roadstead, the next morning we worked into Argostoli, the harbor of Cephalonia, and anchored near the town. An officer from the Health Office having examined our papers and log, gave us pratique. The Secretary of the Resident, Captain Kennedy, came on board; he told us Col. Napier was absent, but that we might depend on the Colonel's readiness to aid us in anything that his orders to observe strict neutrality permitted. The captain gave us the latest news from the seat of war, and said Blaquiere had gone to England, at which Byron was sorely vexed. The truth flashed across his mind that he had been merely used as a decoy by the Committee. 'Now they have got me thus far they think I must go on, and they care nothing as to the result. They are deceived, I won't budge a foot farther until I see my way; we will stay here; if that is objected to, I will buy an island from the Greeks or Turks; there must be plenty of them in market.' The instinct that enables the vulture to detect carrion afar off, is surpassed by the marvelous acuteness of the Greeks in scenting money. The morning after our arrival a flock of ravenous Zuluote refugees alighted on our decks, attracted by Byron's dollars. Lega, the steward, a thorough miser, coiled himself on the money chest like a viper. Our sturdy skipper was for driving them overboard with handspikes. Byron came on deck in exuberant spirits, pleased with their savage aspect and wild attire, and, as was his wont, promised a great deal more than he

should have done; day and night they clung to his heels like a pack of jackalls, till he stood at bay like a hunted lion, and was glad to buy them off by shipping them to the Morea. On Colonel Napier's return to the island, he warmly urged Byron, and indeed all of us, to take up our quarters at his house; from first to last, all the English on the island, the military as well as the civilians, vied with each other in friendly and hospitable acts. Byron preferred staying on board: every afternoon he and I crossed the harbor in a boat, and landed on a rock to bathe; on one of these occasions he held out his right leg to me, saying:

"I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war."

"It won't improve your swimming," I answered; 'I will exchange legs, if you will give me a portion of your brains.'

"You would repent your bargain," he said; 'at times I feel my brains boiling, as Shelley's did whilst you were grilling him.'

"After bathing, we landed in an olive grove, eating our frugal supper under the trees. Our Greek passengers during the voyage said, that the Greeks generally were in favor of a monarchical government; the Greeks on the island confirmed this, saying it was the only way of getting rid of the robber chiefs who now tyrannized and kept the country in a state of anarchy; and as they must have a foreigner for a king, they could not do better than elect Byron. The poet treated this suggestion lightly, saying, 'If they make me the offer, I may not refuse it. I shall take care of my own 'sma peculiar;' for if it don't suit my humor, I shall, like Sancho, abdicate.' Byron several times alluded to this, in a bantering vein; it left an impression on his mind. Had he lived to reach the congress of Salona as commissioner of the loan, the dispenser of a million silver crowns would have been offered a golden one.

"Our party made an excursion to the neighboring island of Ithaca; contrasted with the arid wastes and barren red hills of Cephalonia, the verdant valleys, sparkling streams, and high land, clothed in evergreen shrubs, were strikingly beautiful. After landing, it was proposed to Byron to visit some of the localities that antiquaries have dubbed with the titles of 'Homer's School,' 'Ulysses' Stronghold,' etc.; he turned peevishly away, saying to me, 'Do I look like one of those emas-

lated fogies? Let's have a swim. I detest antiquarian twaddle. Do people think I have no lucid intervals?—that I came to Greece to scribble more nonsense? I will show them that I can do something better; I wish I had never written a line, to have it cast in my teeth at every turn.' Brown and Gamba went to look for some place where we might pass the night, as we could not get mules to go on until the next day.

"After a long swim, Byron clambered up the rocks, and exhausted by his day's work, fell asleep under the shade of a wild fig-tree at the mouth of a cavern. Gamba, having nothing to do, hunted him out, and awakened him from a pleasant dream, for which the poet cursed him. We fed off figs and olives, and passed our night at a goatherd's cottage.

"In the morning we rode through the pleasant little island to Vathy, the capital. The Resident, Capt. Knox, his lady, and every one else who had a house, opened their doors to welcome us, and the pilgrim was received as if he had been a prince. On the summit of a high mountain in the island, there is an ancient monastery, from which there is a magnificent view of the Ionian Sea, Greece, and many islands. The day after our arrival, we ascended it, our party amounting to ten or twelve, including servants and muleteers. As usual, it was late when we started; there was not a breath of air, and the heat was intense. Following a narrow zigzag path between rocks and precipices in single file, as our mules crept upwards our difficulties increased, until the path became merely stone steps, worn by time and travel in the solid limestone. We all dismounted but Byron; he was jaded and irritable, as he generally was when deprived of his accustomed mid-day siesta. It was dusk before we reached the summit of the mountain. The Abbot had been apprised by the Resident of our visit; and when we neared the monastery, files of men stood on each side of our path, bearing pine torches. On coming up to the walls we saw the monks in their grey gowns, ranged along the terrace. They chaunted a hymn of glorification and welcome to the great lord, saying, 'Christ has risen to elevate the cross, and trample on the crescent in our beloved Greece.' The Abbot, clad in his sacerdotal robes, received Byron in the porch, and conducted him into the great hall, illuminated for the occasion; the monks and others

clustered round the honored guest; boys swung censers with frankincense under the poet's nose. The Abbot, after performing a variety of ceremonies in a very dignified manner, took from the folds of his ample garments a roll of paper, and commenced intoning through his nasal organs a turgid and interminable eulogium on my 'Lordo Inglese,' in a polyglot of divers tongues; while the eyes of the silent monks, anxious to observe the effect of the holy father's eloquence, glanced from the Abbot to the Lord.

"Byron had not spoken a word from the time we entered the monastery; I thought he was resolved to set us an example of proper behavior. No one was more surprised than I was, when suddenly he burst into a paroxysm of rage, and vented his ire in a torrent of Italian execrations on the holy Abbot and all his brotherhood. Then turning to us with flashing eyes, he vehemently exclaimed:

"Will no one release me from the presence of these pestilential idiots? they drive me mad!" Seizing a lamp, he left the room.

"The consternation of the monks at this explosion of wrath may be imagined. The amazed Abbot remained for some time motionless, his eyes and mouth wide open; holding the paper he had been reading in the same position, he looked at the vacant place left by Byron, and then at the door through which he had disappeared. At last he thought he had solved the mystery, and in a low, tremulous voice said—significantly putting his finger to his forehead:

"Eccolo, e matto poveretto!" (Poor fellow, he is mad.)

"Leaving Hamilton Brown to pacify the monks, I followed Byron. He was still fretting and fuming, cursing the 'whining dotard,' as he called the Abbot, who had tormented him. Byron's servant brought him bread, wine and olives. I left him, and joined the mess of the monks in their refectory. We had the best of everything the island produced for supper. Our host broached several flasks of his choicest vintages; but although he partook largely of these good things, they failed to cheer him. We were all glad to retire early to our cells.

"In the morning, Byron came forth refreshed, and acted as if he had forgotten the occurrences of the evening. The Abbot had not, and he took care not to remind him of them. A handsome donation

was deposited in the alms box, and we mounted our mules and departed, without any other ceremony than a hasty benediction from the Holy Father and his monks. However we might have doubted the sincerity of their ovation on receiving us, we did not question the relief they felt and expressed by their looks on our departure.

"The next day we retraced our steps through the flowery ravines and tranquil glades of this lovely islet, our road winding along the foot of the mountains. The grey olive trees, bright green fig, and rampant vine, that grew above our heads, screened us from the sun; the fresh breeze from the sea, with the springs of purest water gushing out of the rocks, soothed the Poet's temper. He turned out of the path to look at a natural grotto, in a grove of forest trees, and said, 'You will find nothing in Greece or its islands so pleasant as this. If this isle were mine, I would break my staff and bury my book.' What fools we all are!"

"On reaching our former landing-place, we had to wait a long time for a boat to ferry us across the strait of Cephalonia. As usual, he and I took to the water; in the evening we crossed, and it was night when we regained our old quarters on board the 'Hercules.'

"It was near the noon of the next day, when I had occasion to speak to Byron on pressing business. I descended to his cabin—he was fast asleep. I repeatedly called him by name; at first in a low voice—then louder and louder; at last he started up in terror, staring at me wildly. With a convulsive sigh, he said, 'I have had such a dream! I am trembling with fear. I am not fit to go to Greece. If you had come to strangle me I could have done nothing.'

"I said, 'Who could fight against a night-mare? the hag don't mind your pistols or your bible.' (He always had these on a chair close to the side of his bed.) I then talked on other subjects until he was tolerably composed, and so left him.

"The conflicting accounts that came day by day from the Morea distracted us; to ascertain the real state of things, I proposed to go there. Byron urged me to stay until he went, so I remained for some time; but when he talked of leaving the ship and taking a house, I determined to be off."

[Mr. Trelawny's work, as we have said, will do much to confirm our worst impressions of Byron's character as a man.]

HOOPS, A. D. 1709-1859.



THAT there is nothing new under the sun is verified in the revival of the hoop-petticoat, which had the honor of a greater rotundity in the

days of burly Dr. Johnson than it has as yet attained. Shall we, therefore, expect the expansion to go on until it shall reach the diameter of *twenty-four feet*? for surely, this generation must not be outdone by the "days of old!" Let us lay before our lady readers what was recorded by Addison, in the *Tatler*, No. 116. A. D. 1709, of the arraignment and trial of one species of the genus "skirt," before the bar of public opinion:

"*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*—OVID.

The young lady is the least part of herself.

"The court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal. Word was brought me that she had endeavored twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding doors to be thrown open for its reception. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself, like the top of an *umbrella*, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was done accordingly, and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat, and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little *crook* at my left hand. 'My pretty maid,' said I, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' The